PORTLAND, OREGON.

Editorial Page of The Journal

MONDAY, MARCH 13, 1905.

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON — PUBLISHED BY JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO. — JNO. P. CARROLL

Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Oregon.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

RESPONSIBILITY IN THE LAND FRAUD PROSECUTIONS.

ACCORDING to our Washington correspondent the president has demanded that the secretary of the interior and the attorney general must make good in their cases against the Oregon men charged with land frauds, otherwise he will hold them personally responsible. This should follow as a matter of course. The resources of the government have been placed at their command and back of them has stood the president himself with all the moral support he could give. That under the circumstances he should demand results at the forthcoming trials is in no way surprising; it would occasion much more surprise if he did not. In the investigations the small fry have simply been incidents in the progress; what was aimed at were the big fish who usually escape, leaving the little fellows in the lurch to bear the brunt of their misdoings.

There has been no lack of courage on the part of the government officials in charge of these investigations; they have stopped short at no point where the investigations logically led and they have attempted to shield no man no matter how high placed. But this alone is not enough. Not only the president, but the public must be furnished the justification for the steps that have been taken. This is now the work before the prosecutors. They no doubt fully realize the gravity of what is before them and it may be said in their behalf that they have succeeded so far in unearthing a mass of crooked dealings that has scarcely been suspected by the general public. The date of the trials is approaching; it is in the court room that the final test must be applied. It is not likely that the government has shown its full hand in any direction and it is more than probable that there are still revelations to come. But these must be waited for until the trials come. Meantime the public desires to see no innocent man convicted, but on the other hand it desires to see no guilty man escape. So that after all it may be said if there are responsibilities on the shoulders of the government there is still some weight resting upon the shoulders of those who are now in the toils of the government's agents.

NOW FOR UP-RIVER TRANSPORTATION.

THE PORTAGE ROAD will soon be ready for business and it behooves the people who will be particularly benefited by it to provide means of river transportation above Celilo or offer such inducements to those engaged in it that they will furnish it. The state is doing its part; it will provide all the relief that was promised in independent transportation facilities from Celilo falls to the Big Eddy. Below that point the question of river transportation will present no obstacles. It is the problem of river transportation above the falls which now confronts the people and it is with this that they should immediately grapple. That the business will pay there is not the least doubt. From Umatilla to Celilo, a distance of 87 miles, there will be enough traffic to keep several boats busy. The natural transportation route for a large part of Klickitat county on the Washington side is the river, and with regular communication this traffic would be large. From the Oregon side besides wool, grain and other products there will be merchandise of all kinds to transport. An examination of the railroad tariffs east of Celilo will furnish convincing proof of the profit in the business even at greatly reduced rates.

From Celilo to Lewiston is about 275 miles. The country tributary to the Snake could furnish enough traffic to swamp a big fleet of steamers. The problem is therefore now in the hands of the producers to get low rates if they wish them. The portage railway will be able to handle a large volume of freight from the start and from its western terminal there will be no lack of transportation facilities. Associations of shippers should at once be organized, committees appointed to see the transportation people and no effort should be spared to get the boats on the river this summer. The Open River association, which has already shown its capacity for doing things, will doubtless do everything in its power to aid this movement, but it should have hearty co-operation from Lewiston to the sea to crown the movement with complete success. The time to start the work is now. The work on the portage road has convinced the people that those who help themselves are best served. That lesson should be taken to heart and nothing left undone to effectually supplement the work that has already been done and thus make of the whole movement the complete success that was originally predicted for it.

THE NEXT ANNIVERSARY EXPOSITION.

WE ARE SO BUSY about our own fair, soon to open, that we have no time nor is there occasion yet to think much about the next anniversary exposition, yet for it we should feel a very kindly sympathy and a cordial good will. It will be held two years hence near Jamestown, Va., the first permanent settlement of that colony. While we are celebrating only the one hundredth anniversary of the discovery, in one sense, of the Oregon country, Jamestown and Virginia will celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of their birth.

In 1607, two years before Henry Hudson discovered Manhattan island, crowded now with a portion of America's metropolis, Captain John Smith and his little band of adventurers planted corn on a bank of the James river, and erected a stockade to defend the future settlement and city. The island on which John Smith made his first settlement has been mostly washed away and but one family resides on it though the ruins of the church in which he is reputed to have worshipped are to be seen, and the exposition will be held near the mouth of the river on Hampton Roads. Virginia has already appropriated $200,000 and other states and perhaps the federal government will participate.

As our exposition will not compare in size and cost with the St. Louis and Chicago fairs, so the Jamestown exposition will probably not be on so great a scale as ours. But as a great many eastern people will come here more to see our country than the fair, so will a great many western people go to Jamestown in 1907 to view one of the birth places of the republic, if such an expression be allowable. For at Jamestown, as well as at Plymouth, the nation had a beginning.

It is doubtful if more history has been made in any region of America than along the bank of the James between Richmond and Hampton Roads. There the colonists laid, at the usual cost, the foundations, and there many colonial relics are to be seen, and colonial mansions are still standing. From Virginia came some of the leaders and many of the soldiers of the revolution. And for four years Virginia was ground between the northern and southern millstones. Not far distant from this ancient town—in American annals—is Appomattox, where one great general perforce gave up the Lost Cause to the great Captain of the north.

Jamestown is now but a small place and the James is the highway for comparatively few craft, but two years hence the scene will be changed for a time, for a great many Americans will flock thither, and thus will revive memories not of what they knew but of what in the histories and stories they have read.

REALIZING ON ITS ENTERPRISE.

IF THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE to warrant the expenditure for the portage road it would be completely justified by the assurance which it gives that the canal between Celilo falls and the Big Eddy is now assured and in such reasonable time as the work vigorously prosecuted can be completed. Chairman Burton has laid down the rule from which he will not vary, that the rivers and harbors committee will not stand back of any project, unless it is national in its character like harbor work, until the community benefited has shown its good faith by its works. His firmness in upholding the rule is well illustrated by the case of the Delaware river for whose improvement an appropriation was opposed, even though it was demanded by the solid Pennsylvania delegation led by the senators and Mr. Dalzell, one of the Republican leaders of the house, on the sole ground that the people of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania must first show their good faith by spending some of their own money to accomplish the purposes which they asked the federal government to shoulder single handed.

While much credit is due Congressman Williamson of this state and Congressman Jones of Washington for securing the appropriation which means the ultimate completion of the enterprise at a cost of $4,000,000 or more, the case which they had to present was made impregnable by the money which the people of the state had so freely spent in securing free of cost to the government the canal right of way and in spending the money to build a portage road to serve the purpose of temporary relief. No state in the union, with the possible exception of New York, has done so much in proportion to its population to build, foster and maintain public enterprises. Not to speak of smaller projects, the locks and canal at Oregon City, the work on the Willamette and lower Columbia, the right of way for the canal and the portage road, together represent a vast sum of money. Henceforth we are to reap the advantages of these expenditures, for our faith having been shown, we are under every rule of equity entitled to the appropriations that are now to follow.

RUSSIA WILL HAVE TO LEARN.

RUSSIA will make no peace until she has won a great victory. Her "honor" is at stake. Better the death of hundreds of thousands of men and the woe of millions of women and children than surrender without saving honor by winning a victory.

But how win a victory? "Another army," answers Grand Duke Vladimir. But suppose while you are sending another army the mikado sends one? It seems that he can so far send forth as many soldiers as the Russians can, and he is not yet at the end of his resources. Then they meet, and judging the future by the past, still another Russian army would be necessary next year, perhaps this.

But is it safe to send out another army? This is to be thought of. In his vast domains the czar has soldiers enough for another army, and perhaps still another, but can they be spared? Are they not needed to keep down the roaring, raging flames of actual revolution at home? The Russian government must not only fight Japan but it is now practically at war with its own people. If the people everywhere are uprising or threatening to uprise, and when every city is thronged with soldiers to keep the peace, what would they do if the soldiers were withdrawn and sent far out of Russia?

The czar has promised some kind of a parliament, but his concession has come too late. The people, if he continues the war and sends another army, will take not what he offers but what they want. And one thing they want, no doubt, is the radical alteration if not the destruction of the Russian government. Or if most of them, do not yet think so far, there are many who do, and the people are quick to learn revolution.

The czar will propose no peace to Japan. Ere long the Russian people will propose no terms of peace to him. Then will such hell break loose as has not been seen in eastern Europe since the times that Sinkiewicz tells of.

Small Change

Baseball season drawing near.

"Violets, fresh Oregon violets."

What are the spring poets doing?

Could Japan whip the United States?

Will you initiate, referend, or stand pat?

Give us a good Multnomah county census.

Kuropatkin didn't understand military jiu-jitsu.

Rojestvensky may be safe—if peace is made soon.

The log rollers don't like that durned referendum.

Sprinkling wagons and cars operate by the calendar.

Oklahoma has a consolation—doesn't have to keep dry.

The expected March lion may not be able to roar much.

If Russia had a czar like Roosevelt, it would be different.

Notice how the number of strangers in town is increasing?

Still, a great many men are striking—in doing their work.

Japan wouldn't wait till she was broke, as Russia hoped.

Oyama would not give the Russians even a Tie pass home.

We'll bet that Kansas comes out on top in the end, somehow.

The czar may have read that revolutions always go forward.

Now some of the trusts' lawyers will have to earn their salaries.

That the jetty work can go forward is one of Oregon's big 1905 blessings.

A woman who can keep her tongue can keep her money.—Atlanta Journal. Know one?

Easter falls on April 23, which is within two days of the latest possible date.

Are there to be three or more railroads to Hillsboro? Better get one running first.

Salem Journal: The referendum will give irresponsible and selfish officialism a hard jolt.

The 59th congress will have a great deal of unfinished business to do—but probably won't do it.

What would a Russian constitution be good for? It would be like a lot of leaves sewed together in a cyclone.

Nevada is a wide-open state for gamblers. Nevada is a good place for them, and they are good enough people for Nevada.

Tom Watson's magazine is even a bigger success than Bryan's Commoner. Why don't Debs and Swallow start a paper or magazine?

Mr. Bryan approves and praises Senator La Follette, as well he may. The two men are a good deal alike politically, notwithstanding one is called a Democrat and the other a Republican.

Oregon Sidelights

Albany boys are going in swimming.

Almond trees around Hubbard in full bloom.

Many Newberg people are improving their property.

Astoria has a preacher who lives on $12 a month. But he may be a good fisherman.

Redland correspondent Oregon City Enterprise: A. Hollingsworth was nursing a bad hand, having run a sliver in the same.

The Springfield News says a painter and decorator of that place is the most popular young man in town now, as all the married women are after him.

The lady was in Paradise the other day to view the new house. Paradise City correspondence of Aurora Borealis. Anticipating a paradise within Paradise.

A Beaver Hill, Coos county, man borrowed $50 from another miner and then ran away to California with the latter's wife, who had just run a store bill against her husband, who mourns the loss of the $55 more than that of the woman.

Oakland Owl: Southern Oregon is full of astonishing facts, in agriculture as in other lines. Ripe blackberries in February, growing in the open air without fear of other protection than the moderation of nature are among the southern Oregon productions this year.

Tillamook Herald: The Portland Journal of the 2d has these three words in its small change items that strikes this pencil pusher as O. K. "Portland and Tillamook." Those three words mean a whole lot if we get a railroad. Who knows but what Tillamook will shine some day as one of the foremost cities in Oregon?

A Hood River man recalls to mind that 12 years ago peach, pear, plum and cherry trees were in full bloom the first of April. That was a big fruit year, as this promises to be. As Mr. Henry says, if late frosts should destroy half the blossoms, there would still be plenty of fruit on the trees, which in this county always overyield unless thinned.

Speaking of Oregon's climate, Representative Williamson said to The Dalles Chronicle: "Be contented with Oregon. Leaving Washington with its ice and snow five days ago and emerging into the beautiful sunlight at The Dalles this morning made me feel like a horse that has been shut up in a dark stable and is finally turned out into a green pasture."

A Medford man tells the Mail: I look for a bumper crop in both fruit and cereals this year. If you will take a look around over the valley and foothills you will see that every nook and corner on most of the farms is being cultivated this year. Land which has been allowed to lie untouched for several years is in grain or prepared for other crops. The acreage in cereal crops has doubled this year.

The Man From Cripple Creek

From the Washington Post.

"Don't ever say anything to me again about the guileful west," said the Cripple Creek man, as he spitefully yanked a chair under him last night. "It's all fiction. No; take it away. Nothing wet for me for a while. I've taken the veil. A man who has to have an E street barkeep explain to him how he's been bunkoed by a couple of student-looking guys is about due for softening of the brain and ought to look out for his health.

"I was flapping around today on the avenue, waiting for the parade. Somehow my throat got dry just about the time my legs got tired. So I squeezed through the swing door of a cosy looking wickiup and anchored myself down next to a long toddy. At the same table were a couple of mild-mannered youths matching dollars—as innocent a looking pair as you ever drew to. By and by one of them, who had won half a dozen times straight, said he'd buy something on that run of luck and pounded the bell. When the coon came for the orders, that nice young fellow asked me to join them in such a polite way that I wouldn't have hurt their feelings by refusing. 'Course, after that we fell to chatting, and they told me all about themselves; how they had come down to the inauguration from some college or other and were seeing and learning just lots of things.

"Then you ought to have seen their eyes bug out when I told them I was from Cripple. They wanted to know if I'd ever killed anybody, and one of them begged me to show him my gun. Their awe-struck admiration and their innocent prattle with it all got me cheesty, and I handed 'em out a bunch of large western lies that would make a Buffalo Bill dime novel look like an angel Willie story in the Sunday school books.

"Finally the one who had been losing remarked to his friend that he ought to have a chance to get even. The fellow who had won cheerfully agreed, and then asked me if I'd like to join in whiling away the time. I finally consented to stay with them.

"Well, there were three of us, and the younger one suggested that we each put up a dollar, and each turn up a silver dollar, and the odd man take the pot. If two turned heads, say, and the third man turned odd, that is, tails, he got the money. Of course, if we all turned heads or all turned tails at the same time nobody got any action; but you can see that wouldn't occur once in a dozen or so times.

"We got to work and see-sawed along for a while, each of us first winning and then losing, and then winning maybe again, though I do remember now I never was ahead by a single bone. Then pretty soon luck got to running bad for me, changed, and run a little bit better then changed and run bad again, stayed bad, and then changed and run worse. I heard people shouting outside and bands braying away, but I was too much in the hole to that precious pair of pin-feather squabs to notice a little thing like making a president, to say nothing about my bleeding pride.

"Then my cash got lower and my luck got fiercer, and it wasn't long before the only valuable assets I had was a beer check on Murphy's place in Cripple and the key to my room.

"Then the pair of ponies got up, and after apologizing profusely because they must be going—wanted to see all they could, you know, before the night train—quietly slid out into the beyond, leaving me without the price of a drink.

"Then I commenced to come out of my trance. I began to see as through a glass of beer darkly, as the poet says, that the departure of those fledglings had been remarkably coincident with my ceasing to be worth while any longer, and, shriveled up with that knowledge, I started to fade through the door. The barkeep beckoned to me, and I drifted over to him. 'Have one on the house,' he said, as he deftly polished a glass, and I knew that he had read the secret longing of my soul.

"'From the country, eh?' he asked, as he mashed up the sugar. I admitted I was just in off the ranch.

"'I thought so,' he said. 'I started to pipe off that little game to you just now when I seen you commence falling in; but my business is selling whiskey, not teaching school, and them two kids has got to make their living somewhere since they broke up them pool rooms 'cross the river. Used to be cappers over there, they did, and smooth ones, too. You farmers better be careful who you take up with 'round here these inauguration times. Have another, won't yer?'

"And then, while the great presidential pageant streamed by outside, that barkeep unfolded a fatherly lecture on the dangers of a great city and the local industry of matching dollars. Unfolded it to me, mind you, for everybody was out watching the parade, and the place was empty.

"Simple? and easy? that game was just as simple—and just as easy— as I was. All those two merry young grafters had done was to turn up each opposite sides of their dollars. If one turned up tails the other one would face up heads. And where was I? I had to match one or the other, and my chance to be odd man and win was about as good as a blind steer's in a Mexican bull fight—less, if it could be less. Of course, they had their little tips to each other how they'd turn; the crook of a finger joint, the bat of an eye, or something equally inconspicuous and effective. Then, too, they'd doubled me up and down at first, tolling me along until they had got a strangle on my wad—got me pretty well loser—then they cut me up between 'em fast.

"Go to the ball? No, thanks. I've lost interest in meeting unknown folks from the far east; also confidence in myself. If I tried to cross the street I know a baby carriage would run over me. I'm going to bed and stay there until this inauguration deal goes to the discard. Call me when it's safe to go out by myself."

CAMPS FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

It is encouraging to note that the great amount of talk about aiding the consumptive poor promises to end in something definite. Chairman Plummer of the committee on appropriations of the house has introduced at Harrisburg a bill which provides for the construction of two state camps at a cost of $200,000 each, where the poor may be treated by the modern methods.

Usually hospitals are the most expensive of buildings to erect and maintain. Fortunately (because of the large number of consumptives), the modern treatment of the various forms of tuberculosis is inexpensive, radical and successful. It is easily summed up in "the simple life." Oxygen is cheap, and is about the only remedy required. Milk and eggs form the chief diet. Houses are necessarily simple in construction and easy to maintain. We have not the exact figures at hand, but it is certain that the cost of any one of the large hospitals in this city would erect camps to care for 10 times as many consumptives as patients in the city, while the cost of administration is not more than one half.

It is a fortunate thing, now that we know that consumption, taken in its early stages, can be cured by simple and inexpensive process, that we have in this state ideal sites for camps where the maximum good can be secured for the least money. If there were 10,000 innocent persons in this city condemned to death on the gallows, enormous efforts would be put forth to secure reprieves and pardons for them. Yet there are many more than 10,000 innocent persons in the city who are certain to die of consumption unless they soon undergo treatment.

The Play

The audiences that came out to greet Ben Hendricks and his everlasting "Ole Olson" yesterday afternoon and evening were among the largest in the history of the Empire theatre, while the advance sale for the week's engagement has been the largest of the present season. There could be no better testimonial to the popularity of the Swedish comedian, and the cheers bestowed upon the immigrant's heroism yesterday showed that the play has lost none of its flavor. Hendricks sings several good songs this year, one, "Memories of my Swedish home," is somewhat more ambitious than a dialect comedian usually attempts.

The company is of average quality, good enough to support the star without detracting from his lustre.

"Ole Olson" remains all week, but gives up the theatre to the Hibernians on Friday night, resuming its engagement with the Saturday matinee.

KNIT AND SMOKED.

From the Washington Post.

Socially, President Taylor greatly enjoyed himself, and he used to take morning walks through the streets of Washington, wearing a high black silk hat perched on the back of his head, and a suit of black broadcloth much too large for him, but made in obedience to his orders, that he might be comfortable.

Mrs. Taylor used to sit patiently all day in her room plying her knitting-needles and occasionally, it is said, smoking her pipe. Mrs. Taylor was an excellent housekeeper, and the introduction of gas into the executive mansion, with new furniture and carpets, enabled her to give it a more creditable appearance. It was said that she did the honors of the establishment "with the artlessness of a rustic belle and the grace of a duchess."

General Taylor found it difficult to accustom himself to the etiquette and the restraint of his new position. One day when the bachelor ex-secretary of state called with a number of fair Pennsylvania friends to present them to the president, General Taylor remarked: "Ah, Mr. Buchanan, you always pick out the prettiest ladies!"

"Why, Mr. President," was the courtly reply, "I know that your taste and mine agree in that respect."

"Yes," said General Taylor, "but I have been so long among Indians and Mexicans that I hardly know how to behave myself surrounded by so many lovely women."

KANSAS.

From the Fremont Tribune.

The picturesque effort of Kansas to throttle the Standard Oil monopoly is characteristic of the people of that state. Kansas has always been on the firing line. It was born in the travail of a border war and during every moment since its birth its people have been ready to fight everything that has shown an ugly front. The spirit of the founders of the state is breathed by their sons and their grandsons. There is no undertaking so big, no danger so great, no experiment so hazardous they have for a moment shrunk from them in the least. The people of Kansas are revolutionary in their nature, and so they can't help being so. The grange and the alliance found firm footholds there and ran their full course. A state oil refinery was evolved almost in a day. The plant has been commenced and in an incredibly short time Kansas state refined patroleum will be on the market. When there comes the possible excuse for it Kansas will be into socialism first and foremost.

CLAY IN TAYLOR'S TIME.

From the Washington Post.

Henry Clay reappeared at Washington as a senator from Kentucky, in Taylor's administration, and occupied his old quarters at the National hotel, a large stockholder in which, Mr. Calvert of Maryland, was one of Clay's many friends.

Although in his seventy-third year, Mr. Clay was apparently hale and hearty, but showed his age. His head, bald on the top, was fringed with long, iron gray hair, his cheeks were somewhat sunken, his nose had a pinched look, but his wide mouth was, as in years past, wreathed in genial smiles. He always was dressed in black, and from a high black satin stock, which enveloped his long neck, emerged a huge white shirt collar, which reached to his ears.

He mingled in society generally, kissed the prettiest girls wherever he went, and particularly enjoyed a quiet game of cards in his room, with a glass of toddy made from Bourbon county whisky.

SHIELD YOUR NERVES.

From the London Family Herald.

A beautiful woman gave the following advice to a girl admirer: "Shield your nerves and don't let them become too sensitive. Make yourself take life calmly. If you lose a train don't pace the platform wildly, but inquire when the next comes in, and sit down calmly to wait for it. That's just what most women don't do; they sit down, perhaps, but they tap the floor with their feet, clinch and unclinch their hands, and are apparently in a fever heat of excitement over the arrival of every train that comes in, even though they have been assured that theirs is not due for another half hour. That half hour of waiting means to them a frightful wear and tear of nerves, and they are practically weeks older for it. Try to cultivate calmness, but if you cannot do that all at once you can keep your face still."

ERROR IN TAYLOR'S MESSAGE.

From the Washington Post.

President Taylor's only message to congress was transmitted on the Monday following the organization of the house, December 24, and the printed copies first distributed contained the sentence: "We are at peace with all the nations of the world and the rest of mankind." A revised edition was soon printed, in which the corrected sentence reads: "We are at peace with all the nations of the world, and seek to maintain our cherished relations or amity with them." The blunder caused much diversion among the Democrats, and greatly annoyed Colonel Bliss, who, as the president's private secretary, had superintended the publication of the message.

Mr. Rafferty on Fear

From the New York Sun.

Do you know the wan thing that's worse than poverty?" said Rafferty.

"Faith, I do not," replied Madden. "Is it thirst?"

"No, 'tis fear."

"Fear!" exclaimed Madden. "Faith, fear's not bad at all. It lasts only a short time."

"That's true for most men," said Rafferty. "But there's wan man in the world that would give a million dollars to be in your brogans."

"Where is he? He can have my shoes for a dollar and a half. Who is he, anyhow?"

"He's the Za-ar of all the Russias. He's afeared to eat or to dgink, to get out or to stay in the house, to lie down or to get up. Sleepin', or wakin', walkin' or ridin', the big gray fear o' death is on him, till his heart gets to be as cold as an egg in an icebox, poor man."

"Dear, dear, now, that's ha-ard," said Madden, sympathetically.

"And what's more, he darsn't drink a glass o' beer without havin' a moojik drink half of it before he takes a taste."

"I thought they drank whisky in Russia," said Madden.

"No, they have a liquor called vodka. A mixture of carbolic acid, vinegar and tabasco sauce. But the Za-ar daren't drink it for fear that he'd be pisoned."

"I should think that pisen would be wasted in a mixture likt that," said Madden.

"Aye, so you would," replied Rafferty, with conviction. "But what would you think of a man that 'ud come down to brakquist and find beside his dish of suppawn a letter written in blood, in blood, man, callin' him a haythin blaggard, an' warnin' him to say his prayers, for they were shy of a Russian angel in heaven, and he was goin' up there in pieces without his consint?"

"Well, I think I would rather die of that fashionable dis'ase pindycutis," said Madden.

"'Tis not about dyin' I'm talkin' but the fear o' death comin' in a saycret an' hidyous way," said Rafferty.

"Well, I ain't afeerd o' death," said Madden, valiently.

"No, you are a brave man, bekase you think death is far off. But you were never sittin' on a powder keg and another man standin' at the bunghole wid a lighted match in his hand, an' you strapped to the keg, an a man makin' motions to light the podwer, an' jerkin' back the match before the powder was lit, an' grinnin' at you, an' you wid the cowld sweat comin' out of your hands an' feet, an' a man named Misther Nihilist, wid a divil's grin on his face, standin' by an tellin' you that your Uncle Sergus was blown through the roof of a carriage, an' whin they picked hum up he filled two bushel baskets.

"That's the place the Za-ar is today, Madden. And now is it any wonder that he'd like to be in your ould brogans? I ask you that.

"Thank the good God, man that you have your beer without fear o' pizen, that you can walk along the street and niver a man will notice you, an' if you are careful not to call an Irishman bigger than you are a liar, you have a dacint chance o' dyin' in your bed."

"But what are they persecutin' the poor man for, Rafferty?"

"'Tis all a matter o' politics an' whippin' women an' little children," replied Rafferty. "Be careful not to clout your wife or little children, Madden, for if you do your soul will be required of you in—in——"

"Well, well, Rafferty," said Madden hastily, "you needn't mintion the place. There's room there for the both of us."

Lewis and Clark

March 13.—We had a fine day and a southwest wind. Mr. McKenzie came to see us, as did also many Indians, who are so anxious for battle axes that our smiths have not a moment's leisure, and procure us an abundance of corn. The river rose a little today, and so continued.

THE MIKADO'S ADVICE TO BOYS.

From the Graphic.

In view of the astounding progress of Japan, it is interesting to recall the following rescript which was issued by the emperor to the Japanese schools some 15 years ago: "Be filial to your parents and affectionate to your brothers; be loving friends; conduct yourselves with modesty and be benevolent to all. Develop your intellectual faculties and perfect your moral powers by gaining knowledge and acquiring a profession. Promote public interests and advance public affairs. Ever respect the national constitution and obey the laws of the country, and in case of necessity courageously sacrifice yourselves to the public good." Recent events have proved that the last injunction at least was taken to heart by the youth of Japan.

SAW CLEVELAND'S BIG CHAIR.

From the Washintgon Post.

While the people in the covered stand opposite the White House were waiting for the president to return from the capitol in 1893, an open wagon piled high with a lot of shabby trunks, crossed the avenue from the Arlington toward the mansion. One of these was marked in large white letters, "G. C.," which established their identity immediately, and moved the waiting crowd to shouts of laughter. If anything had been necessary to read the Cleveland title clear or to increase the welcoming hilarity, it was certainly furnished by the enormous arm-chair of bent wood, big enough for three ordinary men, which surmounted the load. It was the first of the thousands of contributions sent in this then popular president by admirers and would-be office holders.

Cleveland's Inauguration Expenses.

From the Washington Post.

It doesn't cost so much to be inaugurated president when you are already in the White House as it does when you are on the outside, waiting to get in. When Mr. Cleveland came to Washington in 1893 he rented for himself and party so extensive a suite of private apartments that the check he drew for the payment thereof represented a daily expenditure of $450. If he had kept those apartments for one year at the same rate his presidential salary would not have paid more than one third of the total amount.

Big Herd of Buffalo in Oklahoma.

From the Kansas City Journal.

Ranch 101 in the Ponca reservation has purchased from a halfbreed Indian at Missoula, Mont., a herd of 20 full-blood buffaloes and will maintain them for breeding purposes.

Probably the largest full-blood buffalo in the United States is now on the ranch. It was purchased from "Pawnee Bill," and when in good flesh last summer weighed 2,200 pounds.

EDISON'S EAR TRUMPET.

Victor Smith, in New York Press.

Twenty years ago I spent several hours one day with Thomas A. Edison in the original office of his company, financiered by Mr. Johnson, at Fifth avenue and Thirteenth street. He was just then beginning to reap some of the rewards of his genius, for practical men had taken him up. His deafness was painful to those who conversed with him. He listened through an apparatus of his own invention, a small metal box about 2½ by 2½ by 1½ inches, perforated on one side with quarter-inch holes and having at one end a tube which could be inserted into the ear. This queer contraption he held so close that the perforations faced the speaker. I never learned what the contents of the box were. If memory is not at fault the inventor applied the instrument to the right ear.

Diamonds in a Meteorite.

In a mass of meteoric stone Professor Moissan, the celebrated French physicist, has discovered a number of diamonds of microscopic dimensions, but of regular form and perfect water.

SAVED BY AMERICAN CAPITAL.

"Were there no United States, would English society be solvent?" asks "Marmaduke" in the London Graphic. That question has never yet been asked or examined. Several millions have been brought into our society during the last 40 years by American heiresses, and an enormous sum has been received in exchange for land, paintings, engravings, old furniture, works of art, jewels, plate and books. Moreover, American capital has been invested in this country mostly through the intervention of titled Englishmen, who, of course, have generally benefited by the transaction. Probably one hundred millions have come to the west end through these various transactions. Would the west end have been bankrupt had that sum not been procurable?

On the Warpath.

From the Indianapolis News.

The fact that the Osage Indians have also taken the warpath against the Standard in Kansas gives additional evidence of the strenuousness the scalp dance is taking on. Johndee may find that baldness is sometimes a blessing after all.

ECONOMY OF HEAT AND HEALTH.

From the Chicago Tribune.

The average humidity in artificially heated houses is about 30 degrees, the average temperature 74 degrees. It has been found by conclusive tests that a room with a humidity of 60 degrees and a temperature of 65 degrees seems warmer and more comfortable than a room 72 degrees of heat and humidity of 30 degrees. Dr. Henry M. Smith says that if a room at 68 degrees is not warm enough for any healthy person it is because the humidity is too low, and water should be evaporated to bring the moisture up to the right degree. In other words, water instead of coal should be used to make rooms comfortable when the temperature has reached 68 degrees. As water is cheaper than coal, the rule should be a popular one.

More Humane.

From the Chicago News.

Samson had been shorn of his hair by Delilah's shears.

"Are you not angry?" asked a friend.

"Oh, it might have been worse," responded the former strong man. "If Delilah had been true to her sex she would have pulled it out instead of cutting it."